

The GREAT BIRTH OF  
**MAN.**

Or, The Excellency of  
**MAN'S** Creation and Endowment

Above the Original of

**WOMAN.**  
A Poem.

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*The Third Edition.*

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By *M. S.*

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*Licensed, August 7. 1686.*

*Roger L'Estrange.*

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L O N D O N,

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The Great Birth of

M A N

Of The Liberty of

M A N 'S Condition and Improvement

And The Original

W O M A N

A T O C H

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# To the Reader.

Reader,

**I** Do not conceal my Name for fear of Criticks; for I have known so few of them good Poets, that I have no Cause to envy them, much less will their Snarling anger me, for I ever esteem'd that below my Anger, that was below my Envy. Nor is it that I think I have displeas'd the Female Sex, for the Prudent will own our Birth superior to theirs, what seems Satyrical on them at the latter End, is only what we may suppose Adam had cause to say from the Treach'ry of Eve: But the true Reason of concealing my self, is, That my Book was importun'd into the World before I had brought it to that Perfection which a second Review might have done. Nor thought I fit to expose my Friends Names (who honour me with their Compliments at the Beginning) to that which I was not willing to be seen in my self; Therefore, Reader, judge of it according to thy Skill in Poetry, and the Ingenuity of thy Temper: But if thou wilt not prefer it to thy Friends, or encourage it Abroad, Know, I do not value my Self by the Sale of it, to the World, since a Bunyan may have more Editions than a Cowley.



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## To my Friend on his Poem.

**A** Rise, my Muse, and take thy Lyre,  
Whil'st thou art warmed with his Fire;  
Catching the Notions which do throng  
About his pow'rful, charming Tongue:  
And sing his worth in his own Phrase,  
For thine are all below his Praise.

Thy Lines, like Lovers Sighs, are soft,  
Yet soar, with gilded wings, aloft!  
A Majesty they bare Divine,  
And Glory's in each Sentence shine.

When on your Verse I think, and You,  
I bid the VWorld, awhile, Adieu;  
For to Celestial Joys, I'm caught,  
And Pleasures much too big for Thought.  
So full and crowded is your Brain,  
Without one Line, or VVord in vain;  
That it requires a nimble Flight,  
To think as fast, as you can write.  
But Friendship Flatt'ry denies,  
And Virtue Parasites defies;  
Then lest the *World* may think I raise,  
( Who know you not ) a flatt'ring Praise,  
I'll force my Muse to stop her Rime,  
And think, where speaking is a Crime.

R. C.



---

To his worthy Friend Mr. M. S.  
upon his Poem.

**S**IR, when your Verse and lofty Style I meet,  
Numbers so great, and Concord heav'nly sweet;  
Ravisht I am, the very Man you name,  
What Passion e're you write, I feel the same.  
And when of heav'nly Joys you write, I'd swear,  
That all the while you wrote, your Self was there:  
But when of those i'th' curst Abodes do dwell,  
Pardon, my Friend, I thought you was in Hell:  
So Dismally those Hellish Flames you paint,  
Enough to bring a Trembling on a Saint.  
When blood'intents you write, you make me start,  
And think I see a Dagger at my Heart.  
But when with softer charming Language, You  
Fall like the heav'nly Manna, or the Dew.  
If *Eve's* Temptations in such Pow'rs did dwell?  
I cannot (Grandfire) think it strange you fell;  
Nor could an Angel, almost, keep his Sphere,  
And such a charming beaut'ous Creature hear.  
In brief, You make the Reader what you please,  
Torment him as you will, or give him Ease:  
You swallow up his Soul, and Senses quite,  
Whil'st he has pow'r to act but as you write..

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To the AUTHOR.

SIR, when your Noble Verse I read,  
Upon the Starry Heav'ns I tread,  
And Suns do shine about my Head.

They're Polisht all so Fair, and Bright,  
Full of such Vigor, Heat, and Light,  
All mixing Profit with Delight.

Sir like your Charming Self, they be,  
Such Sweetness mixt with Majesty,  
So full of sparkish Gayety.

That Heav'n did never yet Bestow,  
Its Gifts more plentifully below,  
On any Minion than on you.

But since your Book conceals your Name,  
If those Endowments I proclaim,  
The World will know at whom I aim.

F. D.

To Mr. M. S.

**S**hould I pretend to sing your Praise,  
I would more debate your Style, than Raise  
And with my Nonsense, all the world Amaze,  
No Helicon does me Inspire,  
Ile only warm me at your Fire,  
And since I can't Praise, stand still and admire.  
T. R. of *Grays Inn.*

To his Friend Mr. M. S.

**M**Y Friend, I'll not pretend the least your Praise,  
Or any Monumental Trophys Raise;  
The best Encomiums I could Sing, would be  
Inferior much, both to thy Style, and Thee:  
~~Ile ask thine Enemies what they can say,~~  
And their Obscurity will Blaze thy Day:  
Their blackest Envy, make The Brighter far,  
Than Sable Night, can make a Glitt'ring Star.  
And when the Influence of their Envy's spent,  
They shall Confess Thee, a Pure Ornament:  
Acknowledge Thee in every thing Compleat,  
An Humble Mind, with Actions Nobly Great.

E H T

T. S.



To Mr. M. S.

**O**F all things, Sir, I hate a Parasite,  
Not think it is t'advance your Book I write;  
Or bring the least pretended Praise, to show  
That your Illustrious Fame to Me you owe.  
No: 'Tis Self-Int'rest drives me on, for I  
Know those that live with you must never Dye:  
My Ends I seek, not yours, when these I give,  
'Cause in your Deathless Poems I would ever Live.

J. L.

THE

The GREAT BIRTH of

MAN.

Or, The Excellency of

Man's Creation and Endowments

Above the Original of

WOMAN.

When from profound Abyss of endless Thought,  
(Which all things always to Perfection brought)  
Man (the great Object of Omnipotence,  
A Soul inform'd with the Divinest Sence,  
Made like a God, both Masculine, and Brave,  
Design'd the Empire of the VVorld to have : )  
VVas Form'd by the Universe strait Bow'd, to show  
Th' Obedience to this God on Earth they ow.  
Th' admiring Angels triumph'd with loud Ains,  
To see a Shape Divine, join'd to a Soul like theirs.

B

A greater

A greater Minion to the Deity,  
Capable of Reprieve, when they must be  
Hav'ng Fallen Once, Damn'd to Eternity.

Thus did this Blissful Creature ev'rywhere,  
Walk with Respect, through the perfumed Air:  
Whil'st all the Creatures, Humble Subjects were.  
The Grove's sweet Quiristers with warbling Throats,  
Eccho Man's Glory, in Seraphick Notes.  
The Gen'rous Lyons, and the Gentle Fauns,  
The Wolves, and Lambs upon the Verdant Lawns,  
All Birds, which in the Aiery Main do fly,  
And Fish, which nimbly cut the liquid Sky,  
Join Sports so fine their Monarch to divert:  
As if their Natures were advanc'd by Art.  
The Fields with *Flora's* Pride all cover'd were,  
The Trees, Fruit-like, the Golden Ore did bate.  
The Tune-full wind his ravish'd Spirits cheers,  
Joins joyful Consort, to th' harmonious Spheres.  
All Nature smil'd with amicable Pride,  
Immortal Love, and thousand Joys beside,  
Whil'st He in unexhausted blest Delights,  
Drinks down large Bowls of Pleasures Days and Nights.  
Years hand in hand, with comely pace advance,  
Nor pass they on, but in a measur'd Dance  
Return again, for in Heav'n's mighty Row,  
His Youth's design'd Immortal as his Soul.  
The lofty Subject of his following Days,  
Was to exalt th' Eternal Being's Praise:

Which



Which he perform'd with such a Pride, and Fear,  
As did become a Soul so great, and such a God to hear.

The mighty Thunderer, from his lofty Throne,  
Beheld the whole Creation, but found none,  
So great an Object of his Love, as this  
Extract of Forms, Heir to Celestial Blis,  
And said:

We Miriads have of Cherubins attend  
Our spacious Throne, on ev'ry Errand send  
Legions of Angels, but Man hath not yet  
Attendants, which his mighty Birth do fit:  
We'll make a Creature, but we'll not create,  
Since Man consummates all th' intents of Fate:  
And were the Birth like his, the growing Pride  
Which still attends the Baser, would deride  
His Sov'rain Sway, and that Priority,  
Which always shews the Rights of Majesty.  
Yet high'r than other Creatures, whom we'll call,  
Woman, a Copy from th' Original.

Strait *Adam* sleeps, a well-spar'd Rib is wrought  
Into a Creature, ne're till now in thought.  
Thus was her Birth inferior much to show,  
What great Submission to her Lord she'd ow.

His was a pure Creation, *Hers* alone  
*Species* transform'd, a Woman from a Bone:  
He's born immediately of God, her Birth  
Is but from him, a little of his Earth:

Had all his Substance of the Deity :  
Let us make Man ( said God ) and summon  
The mighty Powers which attend his Call :  
But She, till all was perfect, was not known,  
Made an Attendant, to Man's spacious Throne.

Man saw the Form, and though not perfect made  
Like his, yet Speech, and Reason had, and said :

Since you our other Creatures do surmount,  
We'll trust You Steward of Our great Account :  
Tell you the Secrets of our Heart, and know  
Of all the Trees, which in our Garden grow,  
With Freedom taste, but that i'th' Middle stands,  
Taste not, nor Touch, 'tis God's and our Commands.  
The rest for Food, and Pleasure are more fit,  
A certain Death about this Tree does sit.  
He spake, She bow'd, and with Submission said,  
My Sov'rain, your just Pleasure is obey'd ;  
They part, Man to extoll th' Eterna's Love,  
And She to view the Pleasures of the Grove.

But thinks and wonders what this Fruit may be,  
Longing to see this strange Forbidden Tree :  
I see no Fruit but what's Divinely Fair,  
Fit for such Trees, th' Almighty plants to bare :  
But where's this dismal Tree, this fatal Fruit,  
That ugly Death should lurk about the Root.

I am

I am too blind, therefore long to know,  
O that some unknown Pow'r, would quickly show,  
Free from Man's Sight, I'd fear not Death's poor strife,  
My Face, and Features should secure my Life !

There is a Place beneath the solid Earth,  
Lower than where the Min'rals have their birth :  
Beneath deep Caverns, hid from *Titan's* Eye,  
Where fierce *Æolian* Tyrants, Chained lye :  
Beneath the silent Chambers of the Dead,  
And deepest Caves, where cruel Satyrs Tread :  
Beneath th' Originals of deepest Fountains;  
Beneath the Sea's large Floor, and Roots of Mountains :  
It is the Palace, and the Curst Abodes,  
Of *Lucifer*, and all th' Infernal Gods :  
Banisht for Towing Pride, Celestial Thrones,  
And Damn'd to Tortures, and Eternal Groans.  
With scorching Pangs, through Fiery Darkness, they  
Roul, and Blaspheme the smallest glympse of Day :  
Screechings, and Howls are all the Musick there, }  
Groans too severe for Flesh and Blood to bare : }  
With startling Horror, Crown'd, and mad Despair. }  
Strong sulph'rous Stenches, with their loathsome Smell, }  
Enough to make the purest Air a Hell.  
Hot scalding Rivers, fill'd with liquid Fire :  
And Souls to suffer, which can ne'r Expire.  
Then are they plung'd in Snow and Ice all o're,  
Reeking with Heat, and sweating Drops of Gore.

The c



The Grand Usurper of Angelick Race  
By Birth, but now without one Mark of Grace:  
The Empire of these Regions ever held,  
Since he against the only Great Rebell'd.  
With vast expanded Pride, He and the Rest,  
Dare the Immortals Thund'ers Throne Molest:  
Attempting Sov'raignty, and scorn'd their Odds,  
All would be Fiends, if all could not be Gods.  
Heav'ns angry Monarch, with dread Thunder Hurl'd  
These desp'rate Fiends, into th' Infernal World:  
Since which, they envy those lost Thrones, and try  
To Damn the rest, by cursed Treachery.

Whilst *Lucifer* Observ'd the World Above,  
And found the Object of Eternal Love:  
Brave Gen'rous Man, but knew it was in vain,  
To tempt his Constancy, his Wiser Brain,  
Would search each black Design, with prying Eyes,  
Find the most deep Intreague, through each Disguise.  
His Sacrifices, whilst his Heart ne'r stray'd,  
With Blest Acceptance, ev'ry day he pay'd:  
Gladly receiv'd what e're his Maker Taught,  
Nor would Transgress so much as in his Thought.

But when he'd Woman found, he soon did spy  
Her Lustful Heart, and Longings of her Eye.  
Her Liqu'rish Palate, loving what was Gay,  
With sprightly Birds, and pretty Lambs would Play:

Seek

Seek fragrant Smells, and then she'd fall in Love  
 With her own Face, whilst in some shady Grove,  
 Making a Mirrour of a Fountain, where  
 Sh'd kiss her Shade, and curl her Silver Hair.  
 Longing for things Forbid, nor'll be deny'd:  
 And what most pleas'd the Fiend, She was all Pride.

Said He, this easie softness never can  
 Withstand Temptations, like more solid Man,

A Serpents Form he took, the Comel' est shape  
 Heav'n suffer'd, that it might prevent a Rape:  
 Heav'n knew that Beauty easily would Charm,  
 This hid'ous Monster might Her Soul Alarm.

The Fiend Blasphemes to have a shape so foul;  
 Seeing his ugly Carcass after Roul:  
 My Plots (said he) are Damnd, but Hold, Ile Try,  
 'Tis Woman, Foolish VVoman, she shall Dye.

Strait leaves these loathsome Regions, to repair  
 To Paradise, and breath the vernal Air.  
 The Garden enters, all the Place looks sad;  
 Birds fall down Dead before him, Beasts run mad:  
 Th' Earth where he rous, all scorch't, and poison'd seems  
 And sulph'rous Vapours, belches out in streams.  
 His Eyes are Flames, his Jaws look black and pale;  
 And in Huge Circles, drags his Thund'ring Tail.  
 The VVoman startled at a Shape so Foul;  
 Her Body for a while, dismiss her Soul.

When it return'd, said She, VVhat Monstrous Birth,  
 Art thou that comest to Pollute the Earth?  
 From what Black Shades? VVith that his dismal Jawes  
 Divide, and from his Trunk a horrid noise:  
 I'm come, said he, to ease your Longing Eyes;  
 To shew the Tree, where all Perfection Lyes.  
 The Tree Forbid. O where? said She; *Serp.* Behold!  
 The Tree i'th' midst, which shines like beaten Gold.

*Wom.* Is that the Tree which looks so Lovely? Where,  
 Pale Death lies couchant, Poysons Center'd are?  
 My greedy Eyes did long to See, but more  
 I Long to Taste, than did to See before.  
 Oh how it Tempts? But Ah my Destiny!  
 I must not Taste the Fruit, for fear I Dye.

*Serp.* Dye? Aye you will, a most delicious Death,  
 Dye? so's to double ev'ry blast of Breath.  
 You'll more Immortal be by Eating This;  
 Quenching your Appetite with Rapes of Bliss.  
 Quaff with large Guffs, the Bissence of Delight:  
 And be more Heav'nly Fair, more Heav'nly Bright:  
 Your present Form, you will Excel, as Fair  
 As Heav'n's Illustrious Lamp, a little Star.  
 You'll leave dull Earth, for a Celestial Throne:  
 And Reign of Heav'n the Glorious Queen alone.  
 Perfumes more Fragrant hourly, than the East  
 In Thousand years can give, you'll smell and Taste  
 Rich Nectar from full Clusters, all Divine,  
 Of Grapes, which in the Heav'nly Vineyard Shine.



Play with the *Phoenix*, and such Birds as are  
Plum'd with the Rainbows Colours, but more fair.  
Imbroider'd Fields, Groves Damask'd with bright Beams,  
Banks all Enamel'd, and transparent Streams.  
Your Trains will drag with 'thousand Stars; while they  
VWho'le bear them up, are Angels bright as day.  
Taste ev'ry Rapture of the Joys Above,  
And Tall, Bright Gods, will make Immortal Love  
Th' Injoyment of that Love will: *Wom.* O forbear, }  
My Soul as yet's not big enough to hear: }  
Thø too large for its Prison 't does appear. }  
Methinks I'm mounted on th'Imperial Seat,  
And Crowns and Scepters play about my Feet.  
And now I tread the spangled Milky way,  
And bring where e're I come, Illustrious Day.  
Cherubins curl my Golden Locks, whilst I  
Command Attendants, with my sparkling Eye.  
Beauty enjoy to that height of Excess,  
As Gods can give, for I'll accept no less.  
Alas! Poor *Adam*, now I shall be more  
Your Soverain, than you was mine before.  
Your narrow Soul, like mine, durst not Aspire,  
Nor is't compos'd of such a Noble Fire.  
I wisely at the first, begin to know:  
My younger days, a riper Judgment show;  
And what my future, swelling Joys excell;  
I ever shall be young, and ever thus shall Dwell.  
Dig on, Poor Man, nor shall you know our Ods,  
VVe'l keep our distance, like our Fellow Gods.

C

This

107  
This said, She clim'd the Tree, more swift than Thought,  
And down the fairest, largest Apple brought :  
Eats it with greediness, when soon, Alas !  
Away these Gilded, Airy Visions, pass.  
Her Eyes are open'd, finds Her self undone,  
Sees Her Immortal Thread is almost spun.  
Ah Fool ! What Happiness thou'st lost for Toyes,  
What solid Good, for visionary Joys ?  
T'affront that God, which made Thee of a Bone,  
For such a Worm, to Crawl upon his Throne.  
My Beauty's blasted, all my Honor's fled,  
My Glory's gone, my ambitious Spirit's Dead.  
O ! whither shall I fly, where seek for Aid,  
What sad retreat, more dark than Hell's black shade ?  
Will cover my vile Soul ? that Heav'n mayn't find  
A Body curst, with such a wretched Mind.  
Sharp thrilling Terrors, pierce my wounded Soul  
Mountains of Sorrow's on my Spirits roul.  
My Heart with Anguish bursts, my Head with Cares,  
I'm rackt with Horrors, Plung'd in deep despairs.  
Undone, Eorlorn, Forfaken, and Accurst :  
Come, Fiends assist me, now I'll do the worst  
Hell can inspire me with, To Man I'll goe,  
And for a while dissemble all my woe.  
He's Inn'cent yet ; my treach'rous Tongue shall try  
To make him equal in the Villany.  
Nay, all Hell's Pow'rs I challenge to design,  
A Plot so Black, so Base, so Damn'd as mine.

I'll

Ple Gild each poison'd Pill, till *Her* Took All,  
Then laugh to see him Partners in the Fall.

Now crack ye Poles, unhinge ye Heav'ns, and shake  
Ye mighty Arches, let the whole World Quake:  
In Sable Clouds, stand still O Sun, and Mourn;  
Let Mountains from their Roots, with Storms be torn.  
The Ocean with its weighty Billows Roar,  
Tumbling in heaps upon the groaning Shoar,  
To see a Prodigy, so vilely great,  
Baffles the Blood'st Birth of Pregnant Fate.  
A Crime, that Hell it self might blush to own:  
A Crime till now, amongst the Damn'd not known.  
That One should ruine a whole World, and bring  
Curses on All, and Death's severest sting.  
That Woman, when through Lust and Pride she'd lost  
All that could Comfort and Enjoyment boast:  
Rather than to repent her Sin, should try  
T'undo Man too, by'er Hellish Treachery.  
Curse all *Her* Offspring, Nay to act a Deed,  
Which after, made the God of Nature Bleed.

Prepare now *Adam*, Hell and Earth design  
Thy Sacrifice, and Pray'rs to countermine.  
Thy Soul is wrapt in Sacred Innocence;  
Guilty of no Ambition, or Pretence  
To any's Int'rest, but thy Makers, while  
In Blest Returns, the Gracious Heav'ns do smile.



Thou seest the Honour of Submission, where  
Angels themselves are proud to have a share.  
Hatest the foul Contagion of a Thought,  
Which mayn't be to bright Virtues Touchstone brought.

To add a Comfort to thy foll'wing Days,  
Thy God hath made a Helper, which may raise  
Thy bright Devotion, a free Agent, who  
Hath Pow'r to be as Innocent as you.  
What mighty Transports of refreshing Joy,  
Dost thou expect, Poor Man, from this frail Toy.  
Mistaken *Adam*, She's Lost all, Undone  
Betwixt a Morning and an Ev'ning Sun.  
Her treach'rous Malice too, hath blackned more  
Her Soul, than Hell, and Lust, and Pride before.  
A Cup of Poison charged to the brim,  
She's now preparing, though above may swim  
Fair Gilded Bubbles, Glor'ous, Bright and Gay,  
A Pleasant Prologue, to a Tragick Play.

Her Looks She pleasantly composes, while  
Her Rosie Cheeks are dimpled to a Smile.  
Her Beaut'ous Hair, with Careless Artful Pride  
Is loosely spread, and all her Charms beside,  
Most vig'rous made, t'assault Man's Thoughtless Heart  
Fearing no Hurt, 'cause Guilt of no ill Art.  
Her Tongue, that Magazine of Dagger, where  
Base Murders, Treach'rous Falshoods, harbor'd are,  
Is smoothly Oil'd, that charming cursed Cheat,  
Peculiar to the Sex, must do the Deed.

O gilded Sepulcher ! O fair Outside !  
VVhat Sin and Rotteness within dost hide.

Thus with like haste She flies, to Man, or more,  
Than when She climb'd the fatal Tree before.  
And said :

My dearest Master, what Varieties  
Of pleasant Objects, bless our wand'ring Eyes ?  
VVhat heaps of Blessings, ev'rywhere we see,  
Gifts of a good, and bount'ous Deity ?  
Mellifluous Groves, such pleasant Fruit do bare,  
And Blossoms, which perfume the wanton Air.  
Rich Plains, with fragrant Flow'rs, and painted Pride,  
Bright Streams, with thousand Pleasures more beside.  
The humble Flocks and Herds with wonder view  
Their glorious Sov'rain, which, sweet Sir, is You.

*Adam.* 'Tis true, we find the great Effects each where  
Of our great Master's fervent Love and Care.  
VVhat ravish'd Hallelujahs should we sing,  
To be such Subjects of so good a King ?

*Eve.* And all so Loyally do kiss your Shrine,  
As if they all had Souls, inform'd like mine,  
VVhich is s'intirely yours, without all Art,  
VVho'd rip out Duty, must rip up my Heart.

*Adam.* VVhen I alone dwelt on the spacious Earth,  
Before your beaut'ous Innocence had Birth:  
I was all Happiness, but now have more,  
From your sweet Loyal Love, than all before.

*Eve.* Your dut'ous Carriage to your mighty Lord,  
Does me so rich a Precedent afford,  
My Heart may Bears and cruel Monsters tear,  
VVhen *Adam*, dearest *Adam*, is not there.  
Nay more, then what a greater Curse can't be,  
Soul of my Life, may'st thou ne're think on me.

*Adam.* My days thus spent in innocent delight,  
Ye Heav'ns, what Joys you bless me with at Night.

*Eve.* But if such Pleasure here we have in Love,  
VVhat mighty Raptures they enjoy above?  
If Earthly Paradise so pleasant is,  
Then what an Extasy is Heav'nly Bliss?

*Adam.* As when some Mountain, on a Cottage rous,  
So would those Pleasures overwhelm our Souls.  
VVe are not capable to think, much less  
To taste Enjoyment of so vast Excess.  
'Tis Happiness enough, for us to know  
The joyful Blessings we receive below.

*Eve.* Last Ev'ning when the Hills long shadows cast,  
The Air refresh'd with now, and then a Blast;  
In the cool shades, on flow'ry Grass I lay,  
To see the Kids and Lambs together play:  
Soon by the gentle murmurings of the Streams,  
I fell asleep, and had these pleasant Dreams.  
Methoughts I'd VVings, and flew above the Clouds,  
Met glor'ous Angels in transparent Shrouds:

Said



Said they, what Ign'rance makes you thus disgrace?  
The Constitution of your God-like Race?  
Your Birth is Noble, though th'Improvement Base.  
What clogs your Soul? 'tis Elemental Fire,  
Give it but Leave, like Ours, it will aspire.  
I wak'd, and though I found it but a Dream,  
Methoughts the Subject was a pleasant Theam;  
And shew our Souls related were to theirs,  
(If suffer'd to enlarge) above the Spheres.

*Adam.* Eve, you mistake the Cause, that Transport is  
Only the sweet Effects of present Bliss.

*Eve.* Not so, my Lord, for soon the Truth I knew,  
The Dreams, like Oracles, I did pursue:  
And bring thee joyful News, will make you more  
Above your Self, than 'bove the Beasts before.

*Adam.* With what glad Tydings do'st my Soul surprize,  
Did God accept my morning Sacrifice?  
Indeed the VVind my Incense seem'd to bare,  
VVith swelling Streams, through the perfum'd Air,  
The Sky serene, all happy Omens, while  
The Heav'ns, to shew Acceptance, seem'd to smile.

*Eve.* Better: Thou shalt no more i'th' Garden lurk,  
To dig the Ground [*Adam*] hath God found other work:  
Whate're his Pleasure is, my Soul's resign'd,  
T' observe the Dictates of his blessed Mind.

*Eve.* Nor that: Thou know'st a fatal Tree there is,  
Not to be Touch'd, without the loss of Bliss. (Good?

*Adam.* 'Tis true: [*Eve*] But hath not God made all things  
'Tis Nought if useless, sure't must be for Food:

(10)  
If so, the Fallen Angels never can  
Enter a Place so Sacred made to Man.

Then it must be the blessed Angels Meat,  
Such as the glor'ous Cherubins do eat.

*Adam.* No *Eve*, 'tis Poyson, deadly Poyson, where  
Death, and all other Evils harbor'd are.

And were it not a certain Evil, He  
Who gave so large, would ne're deny a Tree.

*Eve.* Why did not He, whose Love's to Man so pure,  
This evil Tree by fenced Walls secure?

That Man might not be Tempted, when it might  
As easily been Planted, out of sight. (Pow'rs,

*Adam.* He's planted Walls, his strict Commands, those  
To the Obedient, are the strongest Tow'rs.

*Eve.* An Evil must defective be; He said,  
He saw his Works, and saw all Perfect made.

*Adam.* The like Perfection may be in this Tree,  
The Crime may onely Disobedience be.

And, this excepted, He forbids us None;  
Sure for a Thousand, we may give Him One.

*Eve.* I rather think, when God had made the Soul,  
To try if any Threatnings would controul

So great a Being, Gen'rous, Free, and Brave,  
How like it self, it self it would behave:

Thus try'd his Boldness, to see how refin'd,  
From his gross Body, was his God-like Mind.

Say should I try? [*Adam*] Let not a Thought so foul,  
For thousand Worlds, Immaculate your Soul.

*Eve.*

*Eve.* Why *Adam*, What were you the worse for this?  
 If I Fall, 'twill but more confirm your Bliss;  
 But Fall I can't, Heav'n never hath design'd,  
 A Fault so small, the Ruine of Mankind.  
 Who such a Noble Work, as Man, begun,  
 Won't for One Apple, see him quite undone.

*Adam.* We must not in his secret Councils pry,  
 It is enough, He said, *You'll surely Dye.* (will

*Eve.* But what's this Death? [*Adam*] It is a Curse, which  
 Loathsom Corruption, through your Blood, instill:  
 Consume your Limbs, your Face turn black, and foul,  
 And Fear and Horror seize your Guilty Soul. (Gay,

*Eve.* How look I now? [*Adam*] All Glorious, Bright, and  
 Sweet as the Morning, Innocent as Day.

*Eve.* See *Adam* then your fond Mistake, for I,  
 Ventur'd the Fruit, and found the Fallacy:  
 Ventur'd the seeming Threatnings of dark Fate,  
 Not out of Pride, but Dear, to make thee Great.

*Adam.* Eat of the Fruit, which in the Middle stands,  
 Not to be Touch'd, by Gods and our Commands?

*Eve.* I eat the Fruit, If Faith your Eyes you'll give,  
 You see I'm Fair, and Innocent, and live.  
 Nay, my enlarged Soul, you see, aspires,  
 Cherisht and fed with much Diviner Fires.  
 'Tis on the wing, I hate my earthly Clod,  
 And onely stay, to make Thee too, a God.  
 This is the Fruit which God, and Angels eat,  
 This is the great *Ambrosia*, Heav'nly Meat.



The Tree which Knowledge gives, and that which can  
Make an Immortal God, of Noble Man.

God therefore hath Forbid'n, well did he know,  
Eating this Fruit, we'd scorn to dwell below,  
Claiming Celestial Thrones, there'd be no Ods,  
We also should be numbred 'mongst the Gods.

He fright'ned us with dreadful Death, alone  
To keep off Rivals, from his Sacred Throne.  
And would persuade the meanness of our Birth;  
Pretending you was Made of common Earth,  
When 'twas of heav'nly Seed, which fell below,  
And will aspire, when It begins to know.  
And I Made of a Bone, but had you been  
Awake, it might confirm my Birth so mean.  
Then Taste, Bold Man, and grow a God like me,  
Taste, and for ever Great, and Glorious be.

You'll cease to be a Gard'ner here, and fly  
On marbled Clouds, above the starry Sky.  
Tread the arch'd Roofs of Heav'n, refulgent, bright,  
VVith Raptures, and ineffable Delight.  
The Spheres, in raviht Notes, will sound your Praise,  
Your Youth be as Immortal, as your Days;  
Angels, to You, will Hallelujahs sing,  
And May continue, with eternal Spring.  
VVisdom will flow like the unbounded Main,  
And sacred Raptures, from your pregnant Brain.

Mir'ads

Mir'ads of Cherubins attend your Crown,  
And the high-sounding Sphears with Eccho's drown.  
Command the Magazines of Hail and Snow,  
Send as you please your Thunderbolts below.  
Whilst Heav'n and Earth Obey your Sacred Nod:  
And thus you'll grow a perfect Glorious God.

( Great,

*Adam.* Your Soul seems strang'ly inspir'd with news so  
And you already out of reach of Fate.  
But how can you retard your Heav'nly Joy,  
And with dull Earth, your soaring Spirit cloy?

*Eve.* Crown of my Glory, Soul of my Delight,  
Who has to all m' Enjoyments, Truest Right:  
For whom at first I ventur'd Soul, and All,  
To raise Thee, or secure Thee from a Fall:  
The cause of my Delaying's only This,  
To take Thee with me to those Flouds of Bliss.  
I should a stranger to those Joys appear,  
Nor'd Heav'n be Heav'n, and Dearest thou not there.

*Adam.* Of such great Kindness, Constancy and Love,  
None can be capable, but Souls above.  
Such Raptures show a Mind inspir'd from Heav'n.  
Her Face more Bright and charming Looks, and then  
Her spotless Soul most innocent appears,  
So far from Death, she seems not toucht with fears.  
Besides, my wise Creator, thought fit She,  
A Helper should, as well as Comfort be.

Perhaps indulgent Heav'n, design'd in this,  
By Her to help me to th' Eternal Bliss.  
I'll venture on it, but say, should I Dye?

*Eve* ; You see a Precedent before your Eye :  
Then quickly Taste, the Tree is fresh and green,  
At Night 'r may Dye, and never more be seen.

This said, his trembling *Hands*, the fatal Meat  
She gave, and with Embraces forc'd to Eat :  
*His Eyes* as soon are op'ned, up he starts,  
*His Soul* seems struck, and pierc'd with thousand Darts.  
A shiv'ring seizes all his Limbs, *His Face*  
Looks Pale, and Black with Sadness, and Disgrace.  
*Heav'n's* former Kindnesses his Soul upbraid :  
Whilst to the VVorlds Great Murd'rer thus he said :

Hah *Eve* ! is this Your Zeal to me, and Love ?  
Is this Your Heav'n, and Happiness Above ?  
These the effects of your Embraces, while  
My cheated Heart was charmed with a smile ?  
Is this the hazard of your Soul, for me ?  
Is this your Faith, and Truth, and Constancy ?  
Hah VVoman ! and is this your Company ?  
Better Companions much were Beasts, for then  
I might not 'ave seen a cursed Race of Men.  
I was all Happiness before your Birth,  
Enjoy'd with Pleasure all the spacious Earth ;  
All Creatures Honesty, with Faith repaid,  
Nothing in Nature false, till You was made.

Those



Those Blissful Days have left me now forlorn,  
Betray'd by *Her*, who from my Side was Born;  
So near my Heart, and yet so false to prove?  
So treach'rous to such Constancy of Love.  
Nor am I only ruin'd to your shame,  
But future Worlds will Curse your Blasted Name.

O! for thy sake, that Mankind ne're had Bin,  
Nor Earth, polluted with so gross a Sin:  
Or that my Body would to Atomes turn,  
Rather than still to Live, and still to Mourn.  
My days must now draw Out in tedious Grief,  
Nor anger'd *Heav'n*, will stoop to give Relief:  
No Never, Never, Can I look for more  
*Heav'n's* Cheering Smiles, and Favours as before.  
But still in some dark Grove's obscurest VValk,  
VVith Melancholy Sadness, ever stalk,  
Till to my former Earth, I turn, and go,  
VVith Sorrow to th' Infernal Shades below.

This said, the awful roaring Thunder broke,  
The trembling *Heav'ns*, and thus th' Eternal spoke;  
VVhere art Thou Man? [*Adam.*] I found my self Undon,  
And to the Thickets for a shelter Run,  
To Hide from thy Just VVrath, Great God, for She:  
Thou Gavest, Tempt'd me to the fatal Tree.  
Said God: And since you'l condescend to Hear,  
Your Subject Creature, henceforth shall you Tear  
The Rocky Earth, with Pain, and Sweaty Brow:  
And Thorns and Thistles ev'ry where shall grow.

But

But thou, O Woman! since thou dar'st Disgrace,  
Our Noble Image, and our Godlike Race:  
To Tempt Beloved Man, his Faith to stain,  
Thou shalt indure intolerable pain,  
Thy Pleasure shall be dearly bought, for when  
We please to Multiply our stock of Men:  
As often as thou giv'st a Being Breath,  
So often shalt thou feel the Pangs of Death.  
And since your mean Posterious Birth could not,  
Keep your Presumptuous Mind, from such a Plot:  
Know 'tis our Pleasure, Ratifi'd in Heav'n,  
Strickest Obedience you shall pay to Men.  
All your desires, in his just Pow'r shall rest,  
To suffer, as his Judgment thinks it best.  
'Tis our Command, who Grasp the V Worlds great Ball,  
That Man shall be the Sov'rain Lord of all.

But Man, we'll nere forget our former Love,  
VWhich in the midst of Judgment still does move;  
I'll send my Son, who though a Deity,  
Shall suffer Deaths severest Pangs for Thee:  
Taking thy Shape, and Sex upon him, thus  
As thou the Lively Image bear'st of Us;  
One VWoman too we'll Honour, from the Earth,  
VWhose Heav'n toucht VVomb, shall give this Saviour  
And thus we will renew our League with Man, (Birth,  
And give him Heav'n, although here but a Span.

He spake, the Heav'ns with Holy Anthems sound,  
Repeating Echoes, Sacred Noises Drown.

All

All places with Mans Happiness do Ring;  
VVhilst all the Hosts of Heaven do Hallelujahs Sing.

Thus Man again resumes his Glory, all  
The Blessings he enjoy'd before the Fall.  
Looking on *Eve*, by whom he was betray'd,  
To future Worlds, this Caveat left, and say'd;

Take heed Posterity, and Learn from Me,  
What dangerous Treach'rys in false VVomen be.  
Secure your selves by Countermining Arts,  
Lest they blow up, or else betray your Hearts.  
Take heed, for when, like Crocodiles, their Tears  
Do gently Fall, then's greatest cause of Fears:  
Then their deceitful Hearts design a Prey,  
And in the midst of seeming pity Slay.  
And if they Charm you once within their Pow'r,  
They'll sweetly Sing, like Syrens, to Devour.

That Pride which cast down *Lucifer* from Heav'n, }  
And was by Foolish *Eve* renew'd again, }  
VVill ever in-depraved VVoman Reign. }  
Nor their Ambition, shall whole VVorlds suffice,  
Nay *Hell* as soon be Glutted, as their Eyes:  
Through Blood and Sacriedge, 'twill make its way,  
And be as Violent as the Raging Sea.  
They 'll long for things because they are deny'd,  
To shew their Folly's equal with their Pride:  
Excepting where some mischiefs the intent,  
Then VVomans sharper VVit, does Mans prevent;  
Their



Their being practis'd in such wicked Arts,  
 Gives the advantage to their weaker Parts.  
 Take heed (my future Sons) or you'l too late,  
 With dear Experience, buy your Heavy Fate.

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## E N D.

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